

# Olive Trees



WHAT  
ARE THESE TWO  
OLIVE TREES ETC.  
ZECH. 4: 11-14.

R.M. SOMMERVILLE  
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR  
NEW YORK.

I WILL  
GIVE POWER UNTO MY  
TWO WITNESSES ----  
THESE ARE THE TWO  
OLIVE TREES ETC  
REV. I: 3. 4.

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# OLIVE TREES

A Monthly Journal devoted to Missionary Work in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.

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No.

FEBRUARY, 1907.

2.

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## QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR.

### A CALL TO SERVICE.\*

REV. J. BOGGS DODDS, SUADIA, SYRIA.

Scripture Lesson: I. Chron., 28, 1-10;  
29, 1-9.

Text: I. Chron., 29, 5.—“And who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?”

It was a grand gala day in Israel. The city was gay with symbols of joy. Jerusalem was filled with the assembled tribes who had come to witness the establishing of the succession of Solomon to the throne of his father. David, surrounded by his courtiers, with the fair and ruddy youth, heir apparent, at his side, occupied a point of vantage from which the expectant multitude could see and hear the deeply interesting programme of the day. The astute warrior-king was well acquainted with the people over whom he swayed his scepter. He knew right well that immediately after he would depart this life, aspirants to the throne would not hesitate to embroil his kingdom in fratricidal contests for the throne. Even already the usurper's revels had begun at the Well Rogel, and revelry held sway (I. Kings, 1). The king had called his three mighties, Nathan, Zadok and Benaiah, whom he commanded to anoint Solomon as his successor. But the shrewd

observer of men knew that the deepest prudence counseled him to take his people into his confidence and make them witnesses to the transfer of his crown and scepter to that son to whom he had confirmed the kingdom by an oath (I. Kings, 1, 29). So we learn (I. Chron., 28th and 29th chapters) that King David assembled the estates and dignitaries of his realm on this occasion and addressed them in that familiar, loving way in which the shepherd would speak to his flock. The aged king, leaning on the arm of some noble courtier, his young son by his side, surrounded by loyal subjects, the waiting multitudes, make up a scene at once both solemn and thrilling. With a voice enfeebled by age, sorrow and many labors, he begins to say, “Hear me, my brethren and my people,” and on through that address, which inspired the whole assembly with a deeper patriotism and loyalty to the house of the son of Jesse. After stating in brief the way in which God had led him to understand that Solomon was to be his heir and successor, we can imagine the aged king taking the crown from his own hoary head and with quaking, trembling hand he would place it on the golden-locked brow of his son. Then he put into the young hand the scepter, which completed the transfer of the outward symbols of authority. But again, the man who had slain the arch-champion of the enemies of Israel had learned in the school of prac-

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\*Preached during Synod of 1906, and requested for publication in OLIVE TREES.

tical administration that a people who to-day may shout, "God save the king," may to-morrow vociferate more madly, "Crucify, crucify." He knew that which the world is slow to accept and that is that the only permanent bond of peace in any nation is a high moral purpose worthy of their utmost endeavor and which will call into action the noblest gifts of men and women. No wonder that we can see the youthful enthusiasm flaming up in the face of the aged monarch, as with an intensity born of deepest love for the welfare of his people and his son, he earnestly sets forth the lofty ambition that we find expressed in the verses read (I. Chron. 28, 10), "Take heed now, for the Lord hath chosen thee to build an house for the sanctuary; be strong and do it." What grander purpose could engage the attention of the heads of the nations, crowned or uncrowned, than to unite in the achievement of that to which the transactions of the day in question were but a shadow—a prophetic symbol? Small heed would be accorded me were I to go to our President and urge him to call a cabinet council for the wide extension of the civic gospel throughout the world. No, I "would be turned down" as "a crank," and "a fanatic." But David thought it worthy of his greatest statesmen and his ablest military men to unite in building a magnificent temple of worship which would at once be the pride of the nation, the center of the people's patriotism and the object of the chief desire of their hearts. That temple was a parable in wood and stone which set forth the divine purpose of building here on earth a splendid temple spiritual, in which men and women, quarried from the mountains of ignorance and superstition, would become living stones of beauty under the direction of the Master Builder, the Holy Spirit. The history of the world shows what the annals of all

the ages, unfolded in eternity, will proclaim, and that is, that instead of military achievements and great civil or industrial victories being worthy of man's highest qualifications and attainments, it is the preaching of the everlasting gospel that is worthy of all our best gifts and of our utmost endeavor. David and his great men foreshadowed what will yet be the highest ambition of the world's great ones. Their wealth, their time, and their lives they gave to temple building.

David sets an example here to all who would excite and maintain an interest in the great missionary enterprises of the Church of Christ among the people. The aged king was not satisfied with giving full instructions to his successor about the temple and its appointment, but he would enlist the whole nation and give the humblest as well as the greatest something to do. So in Chapter 29 we hear him as he turns from his son to the people, saying, "Solomon, my son, - - is yet young and tender, and the work is great; for the palace is not for man, but for God." Then he sets us an example. He carefully unrolls, as it were, in the sight of the whole people, the balance sheet of his own efforts and intentions for the building of the temple. After mentioning his thousands of treasure provided, and by implication, after showing his heart's desire through a long series of years, with a multitude of varied cares, he opens wide the door of opportunity to every auditor by the question of the text, "And who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?"

The little word "*and*" is not simply an unimportant word; it is the mighty connecting link that couples the mighty mogul of his example to the inert aggregation of the possibilities within his people. David told what he had done, and no wonder that the people responded when

he invited them to join him in the mighty enterprise. No wonder that a Bishop Taylor, a John G. Paton can awaken enthusiasm. They show the latent possibilities of human effort.

Many and varied were the contributions made that day to the resources of the temple. There are three things to which I call special attention. At least some one of them lies within the reach of every one, and many of us may lay each one of the things I will mention upon the altar of divine service in the spread of the gospel of Jesus Christ—in the building of this great spiritual temple on earth—the church of our crucified and gloriously risen Lord and Saviour.

I. Like the people of Israel, we may give of

#### OUR MEANS.

I was about to say "of our wealth," but some one might say, "I have only poverty—hard-grinding poverty." I recall the story of One sitting over against the treasury, beholding "how the people cast money into the treasury, and many that were rich cast in much." The sacred story teller makes us see this interested spectator turn to His disciples with deep delight, and we may almost say of surprise, and He tells of the "certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites," saying, "Verily, I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than all they which have cast into the treasury. For they did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living." This same splendid opportunity awaits every one who may be desirous of giving to the mission work of the Church. As I recall some of my own experiences with contributors to mission work, I remember the case of a man and his wife who had a most lovely daughter of great promise, who had devoted herself to mission work with the full

consent of her parents. About the time of her entering college, she died. Soon after her death those parents decided that whatever they would have spent on her education or accomplishments, and whatever they would have spent in any way on their daughter, they would now give to mission work in addition to their regular contributions, which were above the average. They had a good idea of contributing. But there are other ideas also in daily practice. A young Covenanter and his wife, in Iowa, began life on a farm. There I saw them in 1899. The young farmer was driving me to an early morning train. As we passed out from the farmhouse to the public road, he said, pointing to a stubble field, "That is the Lord's field." "That is an interesting statement. Tell me about it," said I. Then he explained: "When we began here on the farm, we had no ready cash. How to meet our share of the contributions to the mission work was a problem. So we decided to dedicate that field to the Lord this year, and sow it in oats. Well, there was a good crop—not thrashed yet, but when they are, you'll hear from them," and we did. Here is a young couple starting in life who determined to do something definite for the Lord. It resulted in their doing at least two things definitely and persistently—they gave and they prayed. On inquiry, I was told that that field was often mentioned specially in their family prayers, as they asked a special blessing on it, and better still, this led them to pray for those who may be benefited by the proceeds from it. This young couple are of "the princes of Israel," who contribute to the building of the great temple spiritual—the Church of Christ. There is an ever-increasing company of tithe givers growing up in the Church to-day. Not that they give one-tenth only, but they give systematically and continuously as a duty



and as a blessed privilege. I knew a woman into whose hands but very little cash ever found its way. Her husband had never believed in the democracy of the pocket-book. A friend gave her a small sum of money, with which this woman was expected to purchase for herself a certain article of feminine attire. Some months later the friend hinted to her that the expected purchase was not on exhibition. Then the woman, with tears in her eyes, said, "That was the only money I have had in my hands for six months, and I wanted so much to give to the missionary collection, and there it went." Ah, that there might be such a spirit in the great neglectful majority of professing Christians!

II. There is another essential in missionary work which I do not hesitate to say is of greater value than money. No active Christian can prosper spiritually who does not plan as definitely to meet his financial obligations to mission work as he does to meet the payments due in his business transactions—as he does in order to liquidate a mortgage. But I maintain that the importance of monetary interests is overshadowed by that more needful contribution to mission enterprises, which I will call

#### INTERCESSORY PRAYER.

The meeting of the ten dozens in the upper room for prayer, in the Holy City, and the glorious consequences that have flowed ever since, are proof of the most convincing kind that prayer is a mighty force in missionary enterprises. Had David's heart not been immersed in his great temple project, had he not been constant in prayer for the House of God, his accumulations through many years would not have reached the magnificent sum indicated in his balance sheet. The Psalms abound in the prayers of the King of Israel for the House of God. It was his

habit of prayer that begot his ardor in finance. Prayer for the missionary work of the Church, if genuine, will always lead on to higher consecration of earthly means to the Lord's service. But on the other hand, we must concede that, too often, the cold coin of the realm is too truly a type of spiritual frigidity. People try to satisfy conscience by their gifts of money, when they could multiply the operative value of every dollar many fold by persistent heartfelt prayer. The Acts of the Apostles abound in evidence that confirms the place that prayer had in the first missionary operations of the Church. A missionary to India returned home to his native place from which he had been supported for fifteen years in fruitless efforts. He returned crestfallen and ashamed with the consciousness that he had been a great failure. But when he expressed this conviction in a public meeting, there was a general disclaimer in which many arose and confessed that they alone were to blame in that, though they had been careful to raise his salary, they had been grossly negligent of prayer. After their mutual confessions and some months at home among the people, they urged him to go again, promising not only monetary, but Aaron-Hur support of a most decided type. He returned to his work with new hope and with a consciousness of power that he had not had before, and was most successful in building up several churches. What may be the surprises revealed in the Day of Accounts as to remissness in prayer by the whole Church, and especially the surprises to many who are even large contributors of money, no one can say positively, but I feel sure that there are many in store. Well do I recall my surprise at what dear old Mother Toy of Beaver, Pa., told me of her habit of praying for very many people whom she had never seen. She was an invalid who

had been severely afflicted with rheumatism for nearly forty years. Most of this time she had been bed-fast. That memorable day when I first saw her, she drew from under her pillow a slip of paper and extended it to me in her hand, scarcely more than a knot from the suffering endured, and said, "These are those for whom I pray daily." The list comprised names of missionaries, home and foreign, and the names of many natives of foreign countries, very few, if any, of whom she had ever seen. But, through her friends and missionary literature, she had made up the list, to which names were frequently added. She said, "I could not remember them all, so I get my husband to write them down, and every day I offer a definite prayer for as many as I can. It is all I can do—all that this poor old body can do; but I bless God for this privilege," and the tears seemed almost out of place, coursing over a face the sight of which was a benediction. Her crown stars may be a galaxy of glorified beings, nay, I am positive that such will be her reward. How Christ-like this intercessory praying, for "He ever liveth to make intercession for us," so we may ever intercede for His work and His people while we live. "Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord" in more definite and in more persistent prayer? This is a privilege within reach of every one. Who is desirous and willing to undertake it?

III. The text looks backward for its origin and forward for its fruition. We learn of consecrated money—the necessary finance; we have dwelt on the intercessory prayer, and now the text invites the superlative gift,

**THE CONSECRATION OF ONE'S LIFE TO  
MISSION WORK.**

We may say that the first two ideas are inherent in the text, but the demand for personal service is the plain, simple

meaning of the question, "And who then is willing to consecrate his service this day to the Lord?" This question is from the Holy Spirit, and to Him we must give some sort of answer. To keep silence is to declare our unwillingness to serve. David could afford to ask this direct question—to make this pointed appeal to his people, because he had wrought mightily for the object himself. With how much more force can our Blessed Master appeal to us in the language of the text? He has done the utmost that almighty power and all that infinite love could possibly do for the salvation of men—for the great temple spiritual, which is now a-building. The living messenger has always been God's plan of extending His Church. There has never been a time in the history of our mission work when consecrated messengers were needed more than at this time. No one can survey our needy fields without hearing from them—from their empty ranks—from their open doors and unoccupied places—the cry of the text megaphoned louder than ever. It seems almost ridiculous—nay, I feel more like saying that to stand here and appeal to all these intelligent young people professing loyalty to Jesus the King, is nearer an insult to your professed loyalty. I know that you know the great heart cry of the dying world for the Word of Life, and yet I would not judge you harshly. I know how dear—how tender—are the ties that bind fond hearts to loving homes and lovable associates. I know how parents recoil at giving up to the far-away service of the Church sons and daughters who are as precious jewels to their parents. Some of your hearts thrill with a rapture at the memory of a dear one who has become the absolute necessity of your earthly happiness. I know just how the conflict rages—love's irresistible spell binds you in a delightful service and devotion,

which is the very acme of your earthly joy. I know, too, that this call of God's Holy Spirit seems to bugle forth its holier mandate, and you are terrified lest in heeding it you immolate a love which you feel is begotten of that same Spirit of Holiness in your own and another heart that beat in such accord, that even the angels declare them to be one. This heaven-born earthly bond declares that that only is duty which is approved by two independent wills blending as one. But one of those two wills does not as yet concede the supremacy of the call to the foreign field, and you find yourself standing at the parting of the ways. I scarcely dare offer even a suggestion. But I can recall a fact. Almost five and twenty years ago, a young man and his sweet-heart stood at a garden gate. All nature scintillated in the light of a full moon, as if waiting in suspense to see that gate swing upon its hinges to let one pass in to where love's witchery beckoned with an allurements almost irresistible; or to allow another to pass out, to far-off shores where duty's call would not be satisfied in any refusal. Zephyrs held their breath—snowy cloud fleece ceased to undulate—to move, but the gate seemed to be utterly oblivious to the possibilities of its stillness. After a long, tender, trembling hand clasp, two lives separated—forever? Almost a quarter of a century has passed, while in the home land a woman of surpassing grace is the perpetual wonder of the superficial minds and the constant inspiration of minds of greater depths; and all the while in a far-off land, the Pauline devotion of a certain missionary is the ideal of all who know him, although his single life is an insoluble enigma to those who have seen the tenderness of his chivalry and the nobility of his manliness. There may be other lives that stand at the parting of the

ways to-day. O that the Spirit of power may direct such lives to a realization that "in union there is strength," if that union be consecrated to His service. "O that they were wise! that they understood this! that they would consider their latter end! How should one chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight?" "Who then are willing to consecrate their united lives this day to the Lord?"

Fathers and mothers, you are planning many things for your loved ones, as they come to manhood and womanhood. How many of you have consecrated your sons and daughters to the Lord to come or go as the Holy Spirit may direct each individual life?

Young man, young woman, your gifts from nature and the acquirements of many studious and laborious years are precious jewels, worthy of the most splendid settings. Men do not set rubies in iron or cut diamonds in pewter, but they seek pure gold of the most pleasing color. So your gifts inherited and your attainments acquired are sought after by the Great Master Lapidary, Who would give them a no less honored place than in His own Crown. I want you to take special notice of this eighth verse in the 29th chapter of First Chronicles: "And they with whom precious stones were found gave them to the treasure of the House of the Lord, by the hand of Gehiel the Gershonite." I will tell you what I see. On that great gala day of Israel's joy, one could see on the outskirts of that mighty throng, a woman whose widow's garments told a sad story of her desolate life. As every face is intent on the princely gifts of the heads of the thousands, and aglow with the heartier contributions of those whose abilities are much less, we see this darkly clad woman's face lighted up with a holy purpose. She slowly, almost reluctantly at first, turns away from the



throng, and then she walks more firmly as she wends her way through the narrow streets of the Holy City. She enters her house and lifts the lid of a large cedar chest that occupies a conspicuous place among the household effects. It is the chest that accompanied her on her bridal day from her father's house, when she entered that of her husband. It has always held things sacred to herself and her family. Now you see her reaching down to the bottom of the chest. She draws forth a long hidden jewel case. She opens it, and as the great tears drop slowly upon her hand, she gazes most fondly on the beautiful stone in its golden setting. It is the same necklace that her Hebrew lover clasped about her neck on that happy wedding day—so long, so long ago. As the fountain of tears pour forth as if in protest, her holy resolve is deepened, and she closes down the fragrant lid of the big chest and leaves the house. She wends her way back to the great concourse of her people. With a shrinking timidity, yet with a noble determination, she pushes her way through the surging throng. Quietly, but resolutely, she takes from her bosom the jewel and slips it under the appreciative hand of Gehiel the Gershonite. Do you suppose that that woman ever regretted for one moment her sacred gift, and especially when she saw that precious stone, to her so eloquent of love's youthful ardor and of constancy in maturer years, reflecting heaven's own sunlight, as it dazzled in the breastplate of the high priest while he performed his sacred office in after years? Ah, no! All its precious memories were uplifted and sanctified by its sacred environments.

Yes, I have been drawing only a picture of fancy so far as that Hebrew woman is concerned. But I can tell you a true story of its actual realization. A young minister and his equally consecrated wife

went to a foreign mission field, where they wrought many years in much privation, oftentimes amidst persecutions—always with great devotion. Then one lone, sad, sad day, that wife and mother sobbed out the heartache of her widowhood beside the grave of her dearest love, in that far-off land. Who can describe the sorrow and anguish of that noble woman, as she gathered her fatherless children in her arms and brought them back to her native land? This devoted daughter of Abraham heard the call to service. It was she, indeed, who had nothing to give, you would say. But no, she went to the jewel casket of her family. She brought forth a most precious jewel—her first-born son. With no other resource than a widowed mother's faith in the Orphan's Stay and Shield, she sent that son to school and to medical college. He came with his diploma and with his appointment as a medical missionary. Receiving a mother's best gift—her blessing—he sailed away to a foreign land. In a short time he married a missionary's daughter. In a few brief, useful years, he buried his wife and carried his two motherless babes back to his own dear mother, and as, with a sad heart and a holy purpose, he was returning to his field of labor, his ship was wrecked, and the waves of Biscay's Bay mourn out his requiem until that day when the sea shall give up its dead. His much bereaved mother had already gone again to her jewel casket and again laid a gem under the hand of our Gehiel. A second son was graduated from a theological seminary, and is to-day preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ in a heathen land. What a splendid devotion! you say. But, hear me; once more she had gone to her jewel casket. A third son is educated and is ready for a post as medical missionary. While awaiting the adjustment of certain details, he spent a few months in Central

America. There the yellow fever claimed him as a victim. "Ah," you say, "she has done what she could." Not quite yet. For I saw that same mother standing on the platform of a Santa Fe railway station out in Kansas bidding good-by to her baby boy, a thoroughly trained minister of the gospel. To-day he preaches the eternal Word in the birthplace of the Apostle Paul and neighboring cities. Father! Mother! Are you willing to follow this consecrated, exemplary woman? Let her name be a household inspiration, and may she see her gems shining in the breastplate of our Great High Priest! Will you devote that

child which your now weary arms hold so tenderly? Will you permit that promising young man—that loving daughter to follow the awakening desires of loyalty that stirs the youthful heart to give himself—herself—to the great work of building this temple spiritual—the Church of Jesus Christ—in foreign lands? Will you, young man—young woman—bring forth the precious jewels of gifts and attainments and dedicate these to Him Who asks you now, "And who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?"



"Without me ye can do nothing." (John 15, 5.) "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." (Phil. 4, 13.) Apart from Him we can do nothing. Whilst we are abiding in Him, nothing is impossible. The one purpose of our life should therefore be to remain in living and intense union with Christ, guarding against everything that would break it, employing every means of cementing and enlarging it. And just in proportion as we do so, we shall find His strength flowing into us for every possible emergency. We do not feel its presence; but we shall find it present whenever we begin to draw it on. There is no temptation which we cannot master; no privation which we cannot patiently bear; no difficulty with which we can not cope; no work which we cannot perform; no confession or testimony which we cannot make if only our souls are living in healthy union with Jesus Christ; for as our day or hour, so shall our strength be.—*F. B. Meyer.*



"Pray without ceasing." Is this hard to do? Does any one say, "What an impossible and impracticable command?" Hear what the sturdy soldier, busy teacher, and Christian patriot, Stonewall Jackson, said: "I have so fixed the habit in my own mind that I never raise a glass of water to my lips without asking God's blessing. I never seal a letter without putting a word of prayer under the seal. I never take a letter from the post without a brief sending of my thoughts heavenward. I never change my classes in the lecture room without a minute's petition for the cadets who go out and those who come in." You can "fix the habit in your own mind" if you will.—*Christian Observer.*



Obey Jesus with cordial loyalty and you will understand Jesus. Not by studying Him, but by doing His will, shall you learn how divine He is. Obedience completes itself in understanding.—*Phillips Brooks.*



"Right giving is a part of right living. The living is not right when the giving is wrong, the giving is wrong when we steal God's portion of our income to hoard, or spend on ourselves."—*Dr. Landsell on Tithing.*

## NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

### ABROAD.

**Suadia, Syria.**—A few lines from Rev. J. Boggs Dodds, dated Dec. 12, 1906, accompanied the impressive discourse with which this number of *OLIVE TREES* opens:

One object of my coming to Suadia is accomplished. We have, after much persistent effort and considerable "oiling of Osmanlie machinery," secured a court decree giving us a Protestant sect here in Suadia. But we may have to defend injunction proceedings against ourselves in order to secure the actual operation of the decree. My evangelistic work gives a better promise now than ever before. Much of this is due to work done in the course of thirty years or more.

Our schools, having only day pupils, are interrupted by the heavy rains. Often very few, and some days no pupils, come. At present we maintain services on the Sabbath, on Tuesdays for women and on Wednesdays for men. Other days and nights are filled with such meetings and talks as can be arranged for at the time.

**Mersina, Asia Minor.**—Rev. C. A. Dodds closes a personal letter of Dec. 19, 1906, with some items for the churches:

Yesterday morning one of our members, Mrs. Ghali Dervish, died. She had had heart trouble for some time, but her last sickness was brief. She was over to the Mission on Sabbath, though quite ill, and suffered a great deal Monday and Tuesday, until the release came. She appeared very anxious to get away, and expressed perfect confidence in the Saviour. We trust she has gone to be with Him. ---

There is nothing of a specially encouraging nature in our work in Mersina, as far as appearances go, the attendance on

preaching services being quite small and little interest manifested in spiritual things.

Our evangelist from Adana, Hanna Basma, was down last week, and he reports very encouraging gatherings there once more, especially on Sabbath mornings. His services are carried on in three languages. He himself preaches in Arabic and Kurdish, while another of the brethren, of whose evangelistic spirit and good qualifications Hanna speaks very highly, preaches in Syriac. Their audiences are composed for the most part of people who have come from their own country; that is, the parts about Mardin and Mosul.

Our evangelist at Tarsus, too, Machiel Luttoof, we are told, has good meetings, though, owing to distractions here at Mersina and my brother's trip on the plain before the rains set in, neither one of us has been to that city yet. I have been told that a great many people are coming in from the districts about Mardin, fleeing from the anarchical conditions that prevail there. They say the government is too weak to repress outrages, and one village preys upon another, and especially the Moslem on the Christian.



A letter from Miss Sterrett to the Board written Dec. 15, 1906, supplies a few items:

- - - The twenty-four Fellahin children who are coming to school this year have not been interfered with by the government so far. We did not expect so many from this sect, and, having received more Christians than we should otherwise have taken, we were obliged to refuse several from Tarsus and a village near there.



Nearly all who come from this village have the advantage of knowing how to read, as they have a Moslem school at home. There are also three Moslem children in the day school—two boys and a little girl. The girl has been in school at Port Said and is quite wide awake and does not seem to object to attending morning prayers and Bible explanation. She even attends some of the Sabbath services. - - - One family of Jews absent themselves from prayers, but another family attend. Two are Spanish Jews. - - - They seem to know the Old Testament well. They are really religious Jews and a good family. The language of the others I have not ascertained—Russian, perhaps, as they are refugees from that troubled country. They seem like nice children, but we have not yet made the acquaintance of the parents. - - - The day pupils attend very much better since they have to pay a little for their schooling, and it is also noticeable that the more they pay the better they attend. We charge according to the ability of the parents, but many are orphans dependent upon friends or relatives. A few such are not charged at all.

There are sixty-nine boarders, forty boys and twenty-nine girls, and about two hundred day pupils.

The Sabbath morning services are fairly well attended, but the people seem very lazy about coming out in the afternoon. Those who attend the English services which the gentlemen have been conducting for several weeks, are from the wealthier class. - - -



A letter from Rev. C. A. Dodds, dated Jan. 4, contains good news:

Last Sabbath my brother and I were both away from Mersina, he in Tarsus and I in Adana. The work at both these places is much more encouraging at present than it is at Mersina. Brother R. J. reports

well attended meetings at Tarsus, the house being well filled, not only on Sabbaths, morning and afternoon, but on Wednesday and Friday evenings also. In addition to this, on other evenings of the week a number—about twenty or so—gather to hear the Word expounded. On Sabbath my brother baptized a man who was originally a Greek Catholic, and afterward became a Moslem. Before coming to Tarsus he had been at Alexandretta, and it was there he came to a knowledge of the truth. He was under Mr. Kennedy's instruction for two or three months before coming over to Tarsus. He seems to be a very earnest and joyful Christian. We hope he may not prove to be a stony ground hearer. We have so many disappointments in those who seemed for a time to be running well, that it is difficult to regard with perfect complacency those who unite with the Church until they have given long and faithful service. M. Machiel Luttoof is apparently doing good work in Tarsus.

At Adana the Sabbath meetings, while not very large in numbers, are still better attended than at my former visits to that city. At the morning meeting there were about twenty adults present, and at the afternoon meeting nearly thirty. Most of these, of course, are not members, as the membership in Adana is quite small. And about half of them do not understand Arabic. On each occasion after I had preached in Arabic, Hanna preached on the same subject in Kurdish.

The most encouraging feature of the work in Adana, however, is the many calls made on our evangelist for meetings in the homes of the people. Some of them have been quite surprised to find that the Protestant doctrine is not what they had been taught to believe it to be. Hanna says that for two weeks or so there have been so many calls on him that he cannot

possibly answer them all, and many find fault with him because he does not get to them as often as they want him. He says that if present conditions continue, there would be work for three or four evangelists. He speaks very highly of the evangelistic spirit and gifts of another of the brethren, also named Hanna, who helps him in the evening meetings. This last-named sometimes preaches in Syriac for the benefit of those who do not understand the Arabic or Kurdish. Nearly all, if not quite all, of those among whom this desire to hear the gospel is manifested, are from the parts about Mardin, and perhaps about half of them understand Arabic. So far no opposition has developed, but of course that is to be looked for. Our evangelist at Adana has thus far given us a very high degree of satisfaction. Like Peter and John, he is unlearned and ignorant as far as knowledge learned of schools is concerned, but he is also very intelligent and seems to combine the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove, showing a rare tact in his dealings with men.

Our worker at Karadash reports troublesome times, he having been ordered by the governor to desist from teaching. Whether this means that he will not be allowed to reside at Karadash, or whether it simply means that he must not try to conduct a school, we do not yet know. We hope that prayer will be made without ceasing by the Church for us, and for the work and workers in all these different places. We missionaries feel our insufficiency to direct the work, and it is only as the sufficiency which is of God is supplied to us that we can hope to direct the work to His honor and glory.

The Mersina schools are having holiday vacation now. The boys' dining room and other rooms on the same level have had the floors raised, and are now about

ready for occupancy again. We hope they will now be above reach of the floods, but they have not yet been tested. - - Miss Sterrett's position, with both the schools on her shoulders, is by no means a sinecure. It is to be hoped that a suitable assistant will soon be provided her.

All in the Mission are in fair health.

**Cyprus.**—We are glad to give our readers another letter from Rev. W. McCarroll, so recent as Jan. 7:

Since last writing you, I took a trip to Nicosia and Kyrenia, and held communion in both places. Sabbath, Dec. 2, found me in Nicosia, where, after the usual preparatory services, I conducted the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Though there were no additions to the membership, we had a profitable season of spiritual communion together. On Monday and Tuesday evenings I presented the two subjects "Why We Sing Psalms," and "Why We Do Not Use Instruments in the Worship of God," which I trust were the means, through the blessing of the Holy Spirit, of making clear to the minds of the brethren the foundation principles upon which our Church rests.

On the Thursday with my brother's horse and cart, I went to Kyrenia over a government road which had degenerated into something nearly as bad as some roads I have traveled over in America. The meetings with the brethren in Kyrenia were very profitable, and in the six meetings with them, different principles were clearly set forth and discussed. On the Sabbath we commemorated the death of our Saviour in the observance of the Memorial Supper. One person was received into membership. A Turkish policeman there has become interested in the truth and a regular attendant upon all the services held by the brethren. Thus in nine days I held eleven services, which

we trust and pray will be watered abundantly by the Holy Spirit to the growth in grace of the brethren.

Mr. Kassilian is now able to look back and bless the Lord for the apparently hard providence which drove him out of Famagusta, for he has found that all things have worked together for the good of himself and family.

Brother Philippos, of whom I wrote in a former letter as being much improved in health, had, after all, to submit himself to the surgeon's knife, and for this purpose went to Alexandria and has successfully passed through the ordeal and returned to Cyprus, but still very weak.

The attendance upon the services here in Larnaca has not been very encouraging of late, but one learns not to estimate the results of Mission work merely by the numbers added to the communion roll or the heads that can be counted as evangelicals, but he considers as well the indirect influence, the minds that have been illumined by the teaching of the Divine Word in the school, and the pointing of others to the Saviour by tract and conversation, and above all, by the life. The "times" of a Mission, like that of the individual life, are in God's hands, and we may be sure that the Master will not permit the work of His servants to be in vain.

Probably the greatest temptation that assails the individual missionary separated from congenial spiritual surroundings is to grow cold and perfunctory in his spiritual life and service, than which nothing could be more fatal. If the spiritual fires are kept burning brightly on his own hearth, all other difficulties and trials become as nothing; but when the coals upon his own hearth grow cold and black, then how hopeless the outlook becomes.

This is the beginning of the Week of Prayer, and we have arranged for a prayer meeting each night in the three centers.

"Lord, teach us how to pray," is the cry of our hearts.

**Tak Hing, China.**—Writing December, 1906, Rev. A. I. Robb says, among other things:

Mr. Kempf and I have just finished a seven-mile tramp to see one of our members who is ill, and we fear has leprosy. He is a lone man, who lost his only son some years ago under trying circumstances, as the body was lost in the river and he had not the privilege of burying him. He was unable to be at our last communion. The grind of school work has prevented me from going to see him sooner. He has said nothing himself as to what is the trouble, and we will not mention our fears, as the Chinese will be certain to find it out anyway and he will be cast out and compelled to herd with the rest in little old boats going about from place to place on the river. A paper has recently been sent from Shanghai once a month for the lepers in this vicinity. One only of those we know can read, and he is now anchored about a quarter of a mile from the chapel. I took him the paper, and we talked a while about the gospel. Pretty soon he said there would be about ten of them the next day, as they were going into town to beg. He showed me permits signed by the officials allowing them to go to certain towns twice a month to beg. The first and fifteenth of each month they beg in Tak Hing City. So I went back the next day (their fifteenth) and found eight men and a woman. They gave a very careful hearing to what we had to say, and intimated they would be glad to have us preach to them twice a month when they come here; so it is probable that for a while we will have two open air services for them each month.

We have some illness to record. Dr. Wright was laid up for a week and is



now away for a few days' change. Dr. Kate McBurney and Mrs. Maude Robb have been in bed for two weeks with dengue fever, otherwise known as "break-bone." I think they are sitting up to-day for the first, and we hope will soon be well again. The Thanksgiving just past is the first one in which all the missionaries here did not have dinner together. Illness prevented it this time, but we had much to be thankful for nevertheless.

Work is running so steadily in school and hospital and study that there is little to record. My brother has made a trip to Lin Tan with good opportunities to preach, but has not been able to repeat the visit, as he had planned. He took one of the students with him, and was greatly pleased with his work, which of course is gratifying, as he is not regarded as the most brilliant one of the class.

The last of the painting will soon be done on the hospital, and work will be begun on the reading room in the city as soon as rice harvest, which is now in progress, is over. People are friendly, and audiences from forty to sixty, occasionally running to a hundred.

At present there is considerable excitement, owing to a deadlock between the official and people. Recently the magistrate seized a man suspected of robbery and tortured him to extort a confession. He did not succeed, but after three trials sent and seized all the goods, money and furniture in the shop where the man worked, declaring the shop was a receiver of stolen goods. The people regarded his act as high-handed, and reasoned that if he could act without proof in one case he might in another, and that none of their shops would be safe; so they congregated to the number of several thousand at the "yamen," demanding the return of the goods to the shop, and they grew so threatening that, in spite of his soldiers, the

official promised to return the goods—and did—the next day. But none of the shops opened up or did any business until the goods were restored. This act of defiance came to the ears of the higher officials, and a deputy was sent to Tak Hing to ascertain the trouble. He has evidently sided with the magistrate. Now, it so happens that this is the season of the year when theatrical companies go forth in China and every third year a specially brilliant function is held in Tak Hing, and this is the year for it. Perhaps I should explain that in China there are no permanent buildings for theatres. When they want to see a play they build a mat shed large enough to seat several thousand people, and a company comes and gives one play, usually occupying four or five days and nights. They are always given in the name of some idol, but are really only for amusement, or largely so, in this land of almost no recreations. Also a special edict is issued by the magistrate for each play, and it cannot be given without his permission. This, as I have said, being a special year, two mat sheds of enormous size have been erected on the sand in front of the city, and all things are ready for the play except permission. The official has informed them that no theatre will be held, as, while the people give moral support to robbers, it would not be safe. To those who know how a Chinaman values his "face," and can appreciate how badly the magistrate's visage was (figuratively) disfigured by his recent concession to the mob, the present move is no mystery. He wants to recover his face. Incidentally the theatre business is below par, after about a thousand dollars have been spent in preparation for it.

Recently in our neighboring district to the south, where Lin Tan is, a theatre was to be held at Toi Wan. The official forbade it on account of danger of thieves.

The people refused to pay the "troupe" anything on the ground that they had not given the play. But the witty actors went to one of the temples in the place and stole all the idols, which speedily brought Toi Wan to terms, and the actors departed rejoicing with full pockets. New China is doing her best to walk in new and better ways, and with some effect, but in these first steps much of it is dangerously near to burlesque, as you will guess from the occurrences recited. Yet I am prepared to defend China's position on the theatre, versus what obtains at home. Let the United States adopt the plan of having a temporary building worth \$500 built once a year in each city to hold one play, and let a special act of the Legislature or spe-

cial proclamation of the Governor be necessary in order to get even that, and finally and above all, let all the actors be men, and the plays historical instead of sensual, and really, Christian America might and may yet learn something from this hoary-headed old sleeper of the Orient. Recent indications make it quite possible that she will free herself from the opium curse, while so-called Christian nations continue to collect revenues from the scarcely less hellish rum traffic. Alcoholic liquors lead to vastly more crimes of violence than does opium, and it will be a questionable reform if opium should go and rum come in, as it is doing in the coast cities.



A COVENANTER COMMUNITY AT TAK HING CHAU, CHINA.

The most obvious latent resources of laymen is the money possessed by Christian people, which ought to be available in far larger amounts for missionary work. If only we can reach this latent resource that is in possession of our own people to-day, the securing of a sum is entirely practicable, to make it possible to reach the whole world with the gospel in twenty-five years.— *S. B. Capen, LL.D.*



## AT HOME.

Allegheny, Pa.—These items are from Central Board:

## FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

	On hand Dec.1,'07.	Receipts.	Expenditures.	On hand Jan.1,'07.
Southern Mission .....	\$2566.91	\$475.44	\$673.33	\$2369.02
Indian Mission .....	2748.25	191.75	306.80	2633.20
Sustentation .....	293.61	57.86	.....	351.47
	Deficit			
Domestic Mission .....	410.36	469.91	410.36	9.55
Total.....\$1900.50				

Failure to make returns to clerks of Presbyteries will explain why some congregations do not receive their quotas. Reports were received only from the above seven Presbyteries.

*Domestic Mission.*—Mr. McFarland writes encouragingly with reference to his work in Alberta. The county is sparsely inhabited. There is only one other denomination that has preaching now where he is—the Methodist. His largest audience thus far has been thirty-five. His appointment has been extended to the meeting of Synod. Mr. Crozier is still at Craftsbury. Services are held regularly. The question as to the ownership of the church property is still unsettled.

*Indian Mission.*—There was a holiday vacation of twelve days, at the close of which the scholars returned promptly to the school. Instead of making presents to teacher and scholars this year, the money that would have been thus expended was devoted to mission purposes. Thirty-five dollars was raised. It will be expended in those localities in heathen lands where there is “ignorance of Christ.” The example of our brethren in the Indian Mission is well worthy of following. “It is more blessed to give than to receive” are the words of the Lord Jesus.

The Mission was never in a more encouraging condition, or more worthy of the support of the Church, than it is at the present time.

*Southern Mission.*—Miss Margaret Martin and Miss Grace Rawlins have been elected teachers, and Miss Anna Simms, assistant. The enrollment of scholars in the Selma school is five hundred and fifteen, and at East Selma fifty-five—all that can be accommodated. Everything in connection with our work here is most encouraging.

J. W. SPROULL.



Mr. James S. Tibby wishes to call attention to the map of our Foreign Mission Field, which he is selling at the reduced rate of fifty cents and postage. Any person who would like to have one should make an early application. It ought to be on the walls of every home in the Covenant Church, and there may come a time when it will not be on the market. See descriptive advertisement on the fourth page of Cover.



## MONOGRAPHS.

### SAMUEL J. MILLS, MISSIONARY PATHFINDER.

Not quite a hundred years ago, in a country parsonage in Connecticut, a mother was pacing up and down the floor reading a letter that had come from her boy in college, and as she read she sobbed, and as she walked she cried. "How little I knew how much it was going to cost!" she said; "How little I knew how much it was going to cost!" And yet, years before that, when he was a little bit of a fellow, she said to her friend, "I have consecrated this boy to the work of missions." But she had thought of sending him into the West or among the red men, that he might do work for his country and for his Church there; but now the message had come that he had dedicated himself irrevocably to the world-wide work of missions. And then she sat down and wrote him this letter, which has just come over the sea from Honolulu, where her great grand-nephew had it all these years:

"MY DEAR SON—I little thought when you left us and I mentioned the trial I have in parting with your sister that I should have the conflict with respect to you, my dear son, so soon. I have contemplated such an event at a distance, or, rather, as uncertain; and I should now think it would be soon enough to act when you have prepared yourself for preaching. You might then be under better advantages to judge of the probability of success. But it seems the die is cast. You think that the Almighty God can support your parents. Yes, I know He is able to support us, but it is you, my dear son, that will need the kind guardianship of our Heavenly Father. While we are surrounded by sympathetic friends in our

peaceful dwelling, you may be tossing on the billows of the ocean or surrounded by blood-thirsty savages. It needs the same power to protect the smiling infant in its mother's arms as to preserve an emperor on the field of battle. May the God of Heaven pardon the parents' tears and be the everlasting portion of their children."

It was such a mother who taught him before the stories of Eliot and Brainerd—such a mother that gave Samuel J. Mills to the world. A few years before she has seen him leave home and go to Williams College to prepare himself definitely with this in view, and let us see him there at the college. He is twenty-three now. He lacks that sturdy physical presence of his father. His eye has none of the sparkle and penetration that his father's had. He has a croaking sort of voice, and his retiring nature makes him almost awkward as he comes there with his fellows. He proves to be a rather mediocre scholar—not great in the classics or the mathematics; and yet when he has been in the college a few weeks he is one of the leading powers in the college. Somebody questioned that fifty years ago, and one of the men that was with him in the college wrote back—and I saw the letter the other day—that, in spite of the fact that he was a freshman, he was a leader in all the spiritual life of the college. He had a great heart, and he had a great capacity for friendship, and soon he was a power in the religious life of the men about him. So, in that revival which brought forth the Haystack Prayer Meeting, which brought forth that dedication to foreign missions, he was the leading power aside from God.

I will not go into the detail of the oft-repeated story this year of the prayer meet-

ing in the maple grove and thence to the haystack, and in regard to that, that great battle cry that went forth, "We can do it if we will!" I want to pause just long enough, however, to say this word about that battle cry. Some have thought that it was an isolated cry, that we have made too much of it. There has come into my hands since the American Board meeting this letter from Gordon Hall, who came in the class before Mills at Williams. He writes from Bombay in 1816, and see how it is a commentary on the words. "Every day makes us more and more desirous that missionaries should flock in scores to the heathen. The field is unbounded in extent, and it is nonsense, as well as treason against Zion's King to suppose that a few can cultivate it. It would be no better to attempt to excuse the matter by saying that there are not the men to send. The truth is, enough might go if they would. If they will not, they must answer for it, for Christ has told them to go and doubly told them that by going they will most effectually promote religion at home. Thus the matter stands. Let us exhort you to be in good earnest for the heathen. It will not shame you in that last great day."

This was the spirit and temper of the young men of the time, with which they dedicated themselves two years later, in September, 1808, in "The Brethren," that secret society that was organized there, not to send others, but to constitute in the person of its members a mission or missions to the heathen. There lies the significance of the matter, in that definite consecration and definite determination to go themselves. Only two of the Haystack men were there in the five gathered; Richards and Mills were the only Haystack men that were at that meeting, and Richards, a few months later, when they graduated, in 1809, took with him to Andover the

precious documents of "The Brethren," a secret society, the constitution, signature and records all in cipher. Why? Because it would have excited only ridicule and contempt that that handful of boys, the oldest of whom was twenty-four or five years old, had dared to think of such a momentous proposition. And, above all, Mills desired to keep himself in the background. He never exploited himself at the expense of a cause. He always exploited the cause at the expense of himself. Though he could say, "You and I are very little beings, but we must not rest satisfied until our influence is felt in the remotest corner of this ruined world," he would often keep himself in the background and the shadow that the cause might go irresistibly forward.

Now that little black book that is in Andover to-day—about as large as an ordinary Bible—has in it more of the romance of missions than all the printed books that I have ever seen. Read the names there, and it is the roll call of the early missionaries of the cross that Mills sent out. Mills had gone to New Haven to try to put a little of the spirit there at Yale, but in vain. Then he came back to Andover, and with his classmate found Judson and Newell and Nott, from Brown and Harvard and Union, and found that they were interested, and after due examination and careful investigation, they admit them to the secrets. The next to the last entry in that little black book that I found was this—it was in 1870; the records are fairly full to 1840, but then they are very broken to 1870—and this is the record: "We met in Brother Howland's room this noon. We admitted Joseph Hardy Neesima as a member." The wish and the cry is accomplished, and the influence is felt round the world.

But how should they go unless they were sent? There was a society to send them

here, as you heard. Judson suggested they apply to England. Ah, but here came the patriotism of Mills. He says, "Britain has enough to do to send her own missionaries. I would fain press (?) Brother Judson with the armor of Hercules and send him out. The fathers will awake." And they did, and the petition that came from four of those young men in June, 1810, to the General Association of Congregational Churches of Massachusetts, meeting at Bradford, the first students' challenge to the churches, bore fruit in the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, five from Massachusetts and four from Connecticut, and at the first meeting that followed there were four clergymen and one layman present. Then look at the thousands at North Adams and Williamstown last month.

It was not until 1812 that the first missionaries were ordained, however, and sent out. The receipts for the first year were less than a thousand dollars to the American Board, and yet in February, 1812, in the Tabernacle Church at Salem, five young men were ordained and sent to India as foreign missionaries. They were Adoniram Judson, Samuel Newell, Samuel Mott, Gordon Hall and Luther Rice. Why is it that the first volunteer of them all is left out? Has he turned coward or traitor? Which? Neither. But because "The Brethren," this little secret society, has decided that he is necessary here at home to keep the missionary fires burning, to arouse volunteers for the front, to stir up the energies of the churches and the ministry, he gives up the cherished ambition of his life, and Gordon Hall, one of the most brilliant men that Williams ever graduated, goes out in his stead, and he stays at home by the stuff. But he does not stay at home to do nothing. Let me very briefly tell you what he did stay for—only briefly I can

tell you. July 3, 1812, he started from home at Torrington on horseback along the Mohawk Valley. What for? Nine years before, that whole Louisiana Purchase in the West, that broad empire, had been transferred from the tricolor of France to the Stars and Stripes of the United States. It was an unknown country to Protestantism. The Protestant Church and the Protestant Bible had been forbidden there. But he was determined with his one companion to go out there and spy out all that land and bring back the report, and then, if possible, persuade the army of the Lord in the East here to go up and possess the land. Perhaps you have read that story—how they went on down through Ohio into the country one side and then the other of the Ohio River, into Indiana, teaching as they went, and at Nashville they met General Jackson with fifteen hundred Tennessee troops ready to drop down to Natchez for the defense of that valley, and how Old Hickory offered the two missionaries passage with him there, and how in return—as one good turn deserves another—they presented to the General and his staff officers the cause of the Tennessee Bible Society, thinking that they would not have the opportunity to fight with sword and bayonet, but they might have to fight principalities and powers. They contributed a hundred dollars to the Tennessee Bible Society. On down to New Orleans, a city of 30,000, and not a single Protestant church there; and they preached the gospel, organized Bible societies, and so kept on the way, and were back home again in a year and three days, after traveling through nearly every State in the Union, and came back to appeal for men and money to take possession of the empire for God and in the name of the Lord.

The second time they go out—for when these officers paid their allegiance to the



Stars and Stripes there was not an English Bible in the city of New Orleans—they took their oath on a French Vulgate found by the priests—and so with thousands of Bibles and Testaments and tracts, Mills went back again, for he did not dare let the heavenly stranger go into the God-forsaken and God-forgetting country alone. He saw St. Louis, 1,500 people, a tumble-down French village. He realized its possibilities, as he sent back word that it would be the second city of all that country. They must take possession, they must send out a man to teach and preach. Two years later they told the missionary who went there that the Sabbath never had crossed the Mississippi, and it never should; they had a mock Lord's Supper for Saturday night entertainments. But Mills came back home again and told them that that empire with all its inhabitants and all its prospects lay in the valley of the shadow of death, and they were our own people. Oh, with a patriotism that is fervent, with a plea that is powerful, he makes them see that it is a greater America opening up there, and they must take possession. Then, in answer to that bugle call from Pennsylvania and New York, from Connecticut and Massachusetts, the flower of our young manhood went out to carry the Bible and preach the Cross. They came back home here, and it was in this very city, in May, 1816, that Mills saw the fruition of his labors and Harvey's (?) labors, of his beliefs and of his friendships, when the American Bible Society was organized upon the broad platform of the Bible, where names and sects and parties failed. There was one great thing about the man; the breadth of his charity and his love and his welcome in every pulpit, not only with Baptists and Methodists and Presbyterians and Episcopalians, but with Moravians and Friends. Wherever he went they were

children of the same Lord Jesus Christ.

In the summer of 1816, in New York City, Mills did city mission work under the Female Society for the Poor of New York and vicinity. They found nearly 1,500 saloons, 6,000 abandoned females, dives inscribed "the way to hell" then, the Sabbath desecrated, the lack of the Bible, slums then, and he threw himself into that work with all the ardor of his nature. I have not time to tell you about the work for the negro, or hardly of that for the colored man, except that in 1817 there was organized in Washington, with Henry Clay presiding, the American Colonization Society, with the idea of carrying the freed negroes to Africa. Mills offered himself as exploring agent, and with one companion he went to the west coast of Africa, and there, after he had done his duty and had made the way possible for a future Liberia, on the way back home one beautiful June day in 1818, that stricture on the lungs and bad cough which spelled old-fashioned consumption had its way. They carried him on deck, and there, just as the sun was setting, Prof. Burgess read the funeral service, and as the tears streamed down from the eyes of the old sailors, they lowered his body into the deep.

It is only twelve years from the Haystack to the North Atlantic. Only thirty-five years he had lived, but he has not lived in vain. What a splendid effort! And ever since those waves have been beating out a perpetual requiem to the memory of him who gave his life as a part of the price of Africa. "Greater love hath no man than this." Yes, but more than that, ever since that time those waves have been bearing his influence to the remotest corner of this ruined world. At the same time that they lowered that shot-laden shroud of Samuel J. Mills into the North Atlantic, on a rocky island, only

a short distance away, like a caged eagle beating against the bars of his cage, was the "man of destiny" on St. Helena—the man whose proud boast it was that he had changed and shaped the map of Europe, the man who dreamed imperial ideas like unto that of Rome, and partly fashioned them out; and yet, I ask you, in the light of history, in the light of a hundred years, was not the imperialism of Samuel J. Mills greater and grander than that of Napoleon? He changed not only the map of Europe, but the face of the world. He saw the great vision of the seer on the rocky island of Patmos, of the time when the kingdoms of this world shall be the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ, and "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun

Does His successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

And it will be largely because Samuel J. Mills loved and dared and sacrificed and died.

(REV.) T. C. RICHARDS.

*Warren, Mass.*

### SKETCHES FROM HEATHEN COUNTRIES

Collected and translated from German and French sources by Rev. Louis Meyer, translator for the Missionary Review of the World.

#### HARBURI, THE FEAST OF THE SUBMERSION OF THE BONES.

At the time of the year when the days are shortest and the nights are the longest, the heathen Kols at Chota Nagpur, in India, celebrate their feast of the dead. They call it Harburi, i. e., the submer-sion of the bones.

The feast is celebrated by the inhabitants of several villages upon one specially selected place, which must be situated close to a river. Colored flags are

used to ornament the chosen spot, to which the celebrating people march in festive procession on the day of the feast. Though it is a feast in memory of the dead, there is no solemnity whatever. With lively music, amid the beating of the drums and the penetrating, long-extended sounds of the Indian wind-instruments, with flying banners, the shouting and screaming crowds of men and women march to the selected place from the different villages. But as soon as the place is reached, the sexes separate, for the feast has a different meaning to men and women. To the men it is a feast of wild heathenish passion, but to the women a day of mourning. The men wear all their ornaments of gold and silver, and every one who is able, is fully armed with shield and bow and battle-axe. In their hands they carry long bamboo rods which are wonderfully covered with colored rags and bits of paper, with cow-tails and chicken-feathers. Men, young and old, accompanied by the beating of the drums, engage in a dance, in which these ornamented rods are used. In regular intervals the rods are thrown into the air, each dancer trying to throw higher than his neighbor, and artistically, without breaking the step of the dance, the rods are caught again. While they dance, they shriek and scream as if they were possessed with evil spirits.

Suddenly the fearful noise is almost drowned by the shrill cries of sorrow from the women. They wear no ornaments and are clad in old rags, which scarcely cover their nakedness. They also execute a dance which makes a weird impression upon the spectator, for scarcely ever appears the heathen custom so repulsive and so repelling. The dancers spring forward and backward, contorting their bodies in curious manner. As the music begins to sound quick-

er and quicker, the leaps of these dancing women grow wilder and wilder, and the accompanying song of sorrow grows more and more direful, until at last it is nothing but an inarticulate wail. The exciting music, the wild dance, stir up the blood more and more, until the women are like maniacs. They beat their naked backs with cow-tails; they pull their wildly flowing black hair; and the tears course down their brown cheeks.

As the men carry the rods, so some of the women swing, as they dance, earthen vessels which contain the bones and the ashes of those who died during the past year. The dead had been buried at once, but on the day before Harburi the putrified bodies had been dug up and burnt upon the funeral pile. It was a horrible act, especially for the heathen, who believe that the spirit of the dead remains near its corpse. To overcome the superstitious fear of these restless unclean spirits, the Kols partake of the Illi, their strongly intoxicating brandy, made from rice, until they forget their fear in the stupidity of drunkenness. Still half drunk, many of them are celebrating the Harburi.

As the time of saying good-bye to the dead, whose soul is believed to be with the bones and ashes in the earthen vessels, approaches, all hasten to do yet honor to the deceased. Some are driven to this because they love their dead, others because of fear, and all believe that the spirits keenly feel neglect and take severe revenge for it. Whatever pleased the living person is expected to give pleasure to the dead also. Therefore, one woman after the other leaves the ranks of the dancers to hurry to the stands of the traders who are offering for sale whatever causes rejoicing to the heart of a heathen Kol. One woman throws a few grains of rice into the earthen urn, because the

dead once loved rice. Another pours a measure of the intoxicating Illi into her urn, because the dead was once a lover of strong drink. Others throw flimsy tinsel, others ornaments, others pieces of money into their urns as a last pleasing service to the dead. While this is going on, the dance of the women continues in all its repulsiveness.

After it has continued about an hour, the men again assemble and begin to dance, and soon after the whole crowd slowly marches to the river, the men jubilant and rejoicing, the women wailing and lamenting. That river has been especially consecrated while the men and the women were dancing, the priests having thrown some rice, or even pieces of money into it, while they murmured strange incantations.

Now the procession has reached the river's bank. The men halt. The musicians try to make a still greater noise than before. The drums sound hollow, the wind-instruments give increasingly shrill tones; and the whole multitude breaks out into a most penetrating clamor. And screaming and howling the women throw themselves into the water and break their earthen urns upon the stones which cover the river's bed. With the pot-sherds, the bones and ashes of the dead and, they believe, their souls fall into the water. Happy are these souls now, for the waters of the river flow into the sacred river Ganges, carrying the souls of the dead with them, and the waters of the sacred Ganges wash all sins away.

When the bones and ashes are thus submerged in the waters of the river, the feast proper is over. The women, who have become unclean by the touch of the dead, must cleanse themselves in running waters, by the saying of the prescribed prayers, and by the giving of certain of-



ferings. Then the inhabitants of each village return to their homes, where a festive meal awaits each family. When that is eaten, dancing and drinking commence again. Large quantities of the pernicious Illi are consumed, and few of those heathen Kols who commenced the day of Harburi in sobriety, close it without fearful intoxication.

Thus do the heathen Kols honor and bury their dead. The gospel alone can make them free from such bondage to superstition. It alone can drive away that fearful gloom and darkness. Let us send the light and the truth to these benighted heathen.

LOUIS MEYER.

### PLEADING FOR PROHIBITION.

The following action was taken at the last meeting of the Missionary Synod in the New Hebrides:

“MISSION CHURCH, TONGOA,  
NEW HEBRIDES,  
11th June, 1906.

“At which time and place the New Hebrides Presbyterian Mission Synod met and was duly constituted. *Inter alia*:

“Synod is appalled to learn from Captain Rason’s Official Report for 1904-5 that no less than £3,900 worth of beer, wines and spirits were imported into the islands in a single year.

“It is no secret that large quantities of gin and other intoxicating drinks are carried in British vessels, and delivered to traders, by whom it is supplied to the natives, and drunk by men, women and children, the death rate from this cause being exceedingly high.

“Synod implores the authorities, for the

sake of the natives of these islands, to take immediate and effective steps for the prohibition of this demoralizing and destructive traffic.

“Copies of this minute to be sent to the authorities, the Churches, the J. G. Paton committee, and to the Bishop of Melanesia, asking for his co-operation in this matter.”

Surely, if the Governments of the United States and Great Britain were alive to their responsibility as professedly Christian nations, they could easily exercise their authority and influence in such a way as to stop a traffic so deadly to the islanders, and so formidable an enemy to pure Christianity.



The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, has sent us

“**The Incoming Millions,**” by Howard B. Grose. Price, cloth, 50 cents, and paper 30 cents, net.

This is the fourth volume of the Inter-denominational series of Home Mission text-books. The titles of its seven chapters are: The Invading Army; Letting In and Shutting Out; The Immigrants in Their New Home; Americanizing the Aliens; Woman’s Work for Alien Women; The America of To-morrow; and Work of Women’s Home Missionary Societies. The author has evidently made a careful and sympathetic study of the spiritual needs of immigrants, and the influence they are sure to exert upon our individual, family and national life, and he presents the subject in a way at once attractive and impressive. The book is a valuable contribution to the problems that it discusses.



Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.—*Abraham Lincoln*.



Thanks for prompt renewals and new subscribers for OLIVE TREES.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Through the kindness of Mr. F. P. Turner, General Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, OLIVE TREES will be able to give its readers some of the addresses delivered at the Centennial Anniversary of the Haystack Prayer Meeting held in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church Nov. 14 and 15, 1906. The sketch of Samuel J. Mills by Dr. Richards, which appears in this number, will not fail to impress those who read the story and inspire them to greater enthusiasm in the cause of world-wide evangelization. Other papers will follow as there shall be room for them.



The readers of OLIVE TREES are again reminded that

**TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS**

are needed to purchase a building in Tarsus, Asia Minor. The churches do not seem to be fully waked up to the importance of this enterprise, though, in the opinion of those on the field and at home who are familiar with the circumstances, a house under the control of the Mission is essential to the success of the work. For details read the original appeal in OLIVE TREES for December, 1906. In addition to contributions already acknowledged, we have received five dollars from Miss Sadie Caskey, of Central Allegheny, while Treasurer Miller reports some small donations and one offering of a hundred dollars, which, he believes, was sent in response to a suggestion in the January issue that twenty members should give a hundred dollars each and complete the fund at once. Letters inform us that in some congregations arrangements are being made to do something for this purpose; and so it is confidently expected that in a few weeks the money will be in the Treasury.



It is not easy to understand why the young women of the Reformed Presbyterian Church seem so reluctant to go to the foreign field. A call has been before the congregations for years for three missionary teachers, and yet the interests of the work are apparently overlooked. Miss Jennie B. Torrence could devote her life to the school at Tak Hing Chau in China, and could provide that, when her personal labors were over, her money and jewelry should be given to aid in carrying forward the work. But there are none coming forward in a similar spirit of consecration to occupy the important position that has been so long vacant. Mrs. Wright, with a devotedness beyond all praise, took hold of the work when Miss Torrence was called to lay it down, and has labored faithfully up to the present time; but she is overtaxing her energies. A young woman should be in that field without any unnecessary delay, and the services of two teachers are needed in the Levant Missions. If the L. M. Societies, who know the circumstances and are widely acquainted with the young women of the Church, would send the names and addresses of suitable persons to the Corresponding Secretary of the Board that he might correspond with them and press the claims of the Missions, they would render important service to the cause of Christ.

We commend a careful reading of the discourse from the pen of Rev. J. Boggs Dodds, with which this number of OLIVE TREES opens. He presents the case with a power and impressiveness that challenge attention.



It gives us great pleasure to acknowledge receipt of **Twenty-five Dollars** from

the Sabbath school of Second Boston, balance of a fifty-dollar pledge toward the support of a native teacher in Syria during the year 1906. There was also placed in our hands a few days ago a roll of bills amounting to **One Hundred and Thirty-three Dollars** from Class 14 of the Sabbath school connected with Second New York, money raised for foreign missionary purposes during 1906. The letter which accompanied this contribution toward the salary of a native worker on the island of Cyprus, closes with these words: "With this offering go the best wishes and prayers of the class for its success in leading some one to a knowledge of the light." And then follow the names of the pupils: Calvin C. Brown, Jr., James Carlew, Jr., George H. Clarke, John F. Quartlander, Robert H. Jones, Adolph Goldbach, and Frank Gruber.



Last month "A Member of Second Newburgh," when renewing her subscription for OLIVE TREES, for 1907, inclosed five dollars, requesting us to appropriate the balance as follows, or "in any other way that in our judgment would do more good":

Indian Mission .....	\$1 00
Jewish Mission.....	1 00
Mission to China .....	1 00
Syrian Mission .....	1 00
Aged People's Home.....	50

The money has been passed on to the Treasurers of these schemes.



Since last report we have forwarded to Dr. John G. Paton the following donations for the work in the New Hebrides: Rev. J. W. F. Carlisle's Bible Class,

Newburgh, N. Y.....	\$13 00
Mrs. Jane C. Simpson, Thompson- ville, Conn. ....	27 00

Mr. Wm. R. Moody, E. Northfield,

Mass. .... 64 50

In acknowledging a previous remittance the doctor writes: "I am happy that your dear R. P. Church is able to send out another ordained missionary, and also a teacher to Syria. The Lord bless and use both for His glory in the conversion of many souls to love and serve Jesus Christ. You have been losing by death many of the old and helpful members of your congregation, but, as Christ has called them to His higher service in the glory, I trust He will raise up others to help and sympathize with you in their places in the Church.

"Our Mission prospers much in the conversion of the heathen, but on one island of our group one hundred and fifty persons died last year, and many on other islands by intoxicating drinks sold to the heathen in barter by French traders chiefly, which is ruining very many of them and hindering our work among them. We protest and appeal to the authorities, but the drink ruin goes on among them, and we fear the Anglo-French agreement in the group will be bad for them, and bad also in British interests, as each nation is to follow its own policy under certain common restrictions. The agreement has given great dissatisfaction in Australasia to all parties in the Church and state, and there is now much in the press against it; but I fear it is too late to reverse what has been done, which grieves us exceedingly. We pray God to overrule all for good and for His glory, but yet all is very dark for Australia, the natives and our mission work among them. - - -

"I am growing feebler - - - yet I praise God He enables me to hold on at work with considerable success."

**Dr. Paton passed away at Canterbury, Australia, January 28, 1907, in the 83d year of his age.**



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Jewish Mission—Dr. S. A. S. Metheny, 617 N. 43d Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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